

How to Shave Your Viking

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Summary: He touched his hair which ran from just below the nose to beneath his chin. Hiccup did like the idea of sporting this look. It made him look a bit more manly, unlike his scrawny appearance. Hiccup/Astrid. K for safety.

How to Shave Your Viking

****Okay guys, I've been meaning to post this. Here is a one-shot that doesn't include any of my crazy, pointless OCs. I got this idea from a show called "What I Like About You". This is pretty much a crackfic but I had fun writing it, honestly. So please review and check out my other stories and thanks to those who already reviewed my other work. As some of you know, I really enjoy feedback. Thanks!****

****Disclaimer, I own nothing.****

****~Soldier78~****

How to Shave Your Viking

It had been a year and a half since the defeat of the Green Death. His bravery cost him his left foot, matching his best friend, a Night Fury who goes by the name of Toothless, however, a lot more was gained because of his 'raw Viking-ness.' He was now respected by the entire village, who were proud to say that he was one of them, he had his best friend, the dragon, he had a small group of comrades he could count on and he had won the affections of the toughest teenage female Viking to date, Astrid Hofferson, a stunning achievement considering this girl was an axe-wielder and found enjoyment in showing hostility.

His days were consumed at the Forge, hammering away at something metal or sharpening a dull sword as well as the Training Ring, training the new dragon-riders to ride their respective dragons. He

was completely swamped with these two things as well as the odd jobs the Vikings sent him out to do. Some nights, his best luck was to hit the bed before falling asleep, other nights, well, the floor didn't help him much in curing his never-ending exhaustion.

Meanwhile, the boy's body began to produce little hairs on his chin. As days progressed, the little hairs became more noticeable. Now it's just a few weeks shy of becoming an actual beard.

It was bright and early in the morning. Astrid left her house, shouldering her axe to go do some target practice, a usual activity for her in the morning. She had this habit of rising before the sun. She trekked the Forge after hearing a clang. She jogged over there only to see her boyfriend, head down, cheek pressed against his arm which was serving as a pillow. His other arm dangled as he slumped over on the bench. She could see his face, mouth slightly agape and features relaxed.

She set the axe down at the counter and she quickly hoisted herself up on the counter. She swung herself over and landed inside of the Forge. She tiptoed over to the sleeping boy. She stared at him again for a few moments, mesmerized by this adoring sight. She had to admit, he looked pretty cute when he snoozed. She wouldn't dare tell him that, he had his ways of holding stuff against her, a good blackmailer he turned out to be.

She heard a snort away from Hiccup and she saw a dark head lift from the dark corner of the building. She saw the cat-like eyes staring at her in interest, his head tilted to one side. Astrid placed a finger on her lips, signaling the elusive Night Fury to remain silent. Seeing no alarm, well, little alarm, Toothless rested his head back onto the floor, resuming his nap.

Astrid looked back at the boy and placed a firm hand on his shoulder. Her breath hitched her throat as she shook his shoulder twice. The boy groaned softly and stirred, his face moving a bit. The boy's emerald eyes opened. He snorted.

"A-Astrid?" Hiccup asked in a groggy voice. "W-what're you doin' 'ere?"

"I was on my way to training and I saw you here." Astrid said, the boy sat up, sniffed and yawned.

"Must've fallen asleep again." Hiccup said as he scratched his chin. Astrid stared at the little hairs growing millimeter a day. She shook her head as Hiccup finally stood up and stretched. "Well, back to work."

"Wait," Astrid said, reaching out and grabbing him by the wrist. "While I'm here, you mind as well--"

Hiccup didn't need her to finish that sentence. He clumsily pressed his lips to hers. Whenever they managed to find some time along, most of the time a minute at the most, this was how they spent their time. Hiccup couldn't find the time to see her after the long days at the forge and Astrid couldn't find the time to see him after fishing with her dad or helping her mom with chores around the house. These moments were rare.

Astrid couldn't help but feel the tickling, rough sensation of those little hairs invading his once-clean chin. She had to say, it irritated her but she couldn't find the heart to pull away. Maybe she could convince him to shave it.

Finally, they both pulled away when air was needed, their foreheads were pressed together. Hiccup found it manageable to avoid pressing his skin against her headband.

"So Hiccup, can you do something for me?" Astrid asked.

"S-sure." Hiccup said. Even after a year the boy was still shy and tensed when he heard that musical voice. "What is it?"

"Can youâ€¦"

This just got awkward.

Astrid tried again.

"Can you, well, shave?" Astrid asked. "It looks like you haven't done it in a while."

"Ohâ€¦yeah." Hiccup said. "I guess I've justâ€¦been too busy to find the time to shave it."

"Well, you have time right now." Astrid said. "I've got to go train."

"A-Alright." Hiccup said. Astrid smiled as she kissed his lips once again before leaving the Forge, recollecting her axe.

It was rotten luck that Snotlout was walking by the Forge, greeting Astrid with a flirtatious 'hello'. Hiccup shook his head, not feeling jealous but a bit surprised that the boy kept going in trying to win the blonde Viking-ess Hiccup was proud to call his girlfriend. Hiccup was surprised that Snotlout hadn't given up considering the amounts of bruises he had received from the very hostile axe-wielder. Hiccup laughed as he collected a sharp enough dagger, a bowl and a rag from various places.

"Morning, cousin." Snotlout greeted. "Astrid wake you up?"

Hiccup nodded as he compiled his supplies.

"What's with the bowl, rag and dagger?" Snotlout asked.

"Astrid suggested I shave." Hiccup said with a sigh. "I hadn't been able to find the time to until now."

"So you're going to let a girl push you around?" Snotlout asked.

"If I want to keep my other three limbs, then yes." Hiccup replied.

"Come on, you're a man now Hiccup. One of us." Snotlout prodded. "We don't allow girls to tell us what to wear, or how clean we have to be."

"Funny, coming from a boy who's been rejected by every girl he's

talked to."

"Not my fault they can't handle this much muscle." Snotlout replied, flexing a bit to prove his point. Hiccup shook his head as he reached out for a cup or something that could show his reflection.

"My point is, you're the man of the relationship so you need to step up and tell her that you like your face unshaven." Snotlout said.

"What if I like my facial hair shaved?" Hiccup suggested. Snotlout raised a brow.

"Do you?" Snotlout questioned.

Hiccup thought for a moment, running his hand over the rough bristles.

"Girls like man with facial hair." Snotlout asked. "Astrid will totally like you if you keep it."

"She's the one who suggested I shave so--"

"She hasn't let it sink it yet. She'll totally be all over you because of this. Chicks dig the hair."

"Then why haven't you let it grow out?" Hiccup asked, clearly amused. Snotlout touched his face.

"Well, I, gotta go, see ya." Snotlout said, running off. Hiccup chuckled to himself before he looked down at the mirror. He picked it up and looked at his reflection. He touched his hair which ran from just below the nose to beneath his chin. Hiccup did like the idea of sporting this look. It made him look a bit more manly, unlike his scrawny appearance.

"Maybe Snotlout's right." Hiccup said. "Oh Gods, I just agreed with Snotlout!"

This was not going to go well.

Astrid headed back to the village at around noon, she managed to squeeze in two hours of hard training. She returned to the Forge, only to see Gobber the Belch working on his latest project.

"Hey Gobber."

"Good mornin' lass." Gobber greeted, waving his interchangeable hand that was now holding some tongs to hold metal down. "How may I help ye?"

"Have you seen Hiccup?" she asked.

"Aye, yer boyfriend's down at the Ring." Gobber said. "He should be done in 'alf 'n hour."

"Thanks Gobber." Astrid said as she finally ran towards her house. Maybe she'd pass the time flying her Deadly Nadder.

The trainees were dismissed and they all headed to the Mead Hall for

a lunch made up of the tasteless food made by the tasteless people. Hiccup was hobbling along with his prosthetic creaking with each step, Toothless was next to him, his tail sliding over the grass.

"Oh, hi Astrid." Hiccup greeted in his usual way. Astrid frowned when she found out that he hadn't shaved. Astrid was going to have to try harder next time. He offered an arm. "Care to join me for lunch?"

Unable to resist his shy charm, she nodded as they both locked arms, heading to the Mead Hall.

Hiccup munched on the turkey leg he was given while Astrid had her hand wrapped around her cup of mead, staring intensely at the bristle hairs.

"Hiccup?"

Hiccup downed the rest of his mead, he lowered his cup and looked at his girlfriend, slightly leaning against his side.

"Hmm?"

"I thought you said you would shave." Astrid pointed out. "What kept you?"

"Um...n-nothing. I j-just decided to focus on something else." Hiccup stammered. Astrid raised a brow. "Why? You don't like it?"

It was cute while he fumbled over his words.

"No. I don't." Astrid said, bluntly. Hiccup looked a bit hurt. "So are you going to shave?"

You're the man of the relationship so you need to step up and tell her that you like your face unshaven.

Hiccup shook his head and looked at the girl.

"No." he answered, boldly. Astrid blinked in surprise.

"I'm sorry what?" Astrid asked, obviously shocked that he was finally standing up for himself.

"No. I'm not going to shave."

"Hiccup, its just hair-"

"I like this hair." Hiccup stated, proudly. "If you don't like it, too bad, I'm keeping it."

'Where is he getting guys like this all the sudden?' Astrid thought.

"Now if you excuse me, I'm going to go help Gobber with a project." Hiccup said, leaving the Mead Hall after. Astrid groaned to herself, the others who sat at the table looked at her wide-eyed but as she shot a deathly glare to the group, they looked away.

"Okay, who talked to Hiccup about not shaving?" Astrid questioned, knowing one of these Vikings was the culprit. Not wanting to be in any form of danger, Snotlout looked away. Clear evidence that he was responsible. Astrid groaned again before leaving the Mead Hall.

She watched Hiccup head to the Forge with Toothless by his side.

Without thinking twice, she approached the Forge. She couldn't help but feel bad for him. He seemed pretty hurt when she stated, claimed, whatever you want to call it, that she didn't like his new look. It wasn't the look she didn't like, just the irritating hairs poking her when he kissed her, that was what she didn't like.

She had to partly admit, he did look pretty good with some facial hair. It matched his hair color, went with his eyesâ€¦

'Stop thinking that!' Astrid thought to herself, fuming as she stomped over to the Forge.

Toothless crooned when he could smell the scent of a familiar odor. His head perked up from his front paws, ears upright. He saw Astrid swinging by for the second time that same day. Judging by the little spat among the couple, there was going to be some form of injury, so he wanted to stay out of it. He rested against his paws again, swinging his tail around his face so no disturbance was made.

Astrid cursed to the Gods, not wanting to be in this situation.

She still wanted to apologize for not taking his feelings into consideration. She was rather blunt about it all. She finally made it to the counter and leaned against it, watching Hiccup hack away aggressively at a steel bar.

"Heyâ€¦Hiccup." Astrid greeted slowly. The hammer stopped in mid-air. Hiccup blinked as he looked up.

"Oh, hey Astrid." Hiccup said, a bit sullen.

"Are you alright? I'm sorry about what happened at lunch." Astrid apologized.

"Oh," Hiccup said, blinking in surprise. Astrid Hofferson was apologizing? This had to be a dream, maybe she knocked him out with a good punch when he refused. "Y-you are?"

"Yeah, I should have told you a bit moreâ€¦gently." Astrid said.

"Oh," Hiccup said. "So you still don't like it."

"I don't like it." Astrid said, a bit less aggressive than earlier. "So will you please shave it off?"

"Why do you not like it?" Hiccup asked.

Astrid froze. She really couldn't say the real reason, it was too embarrassing.

"That's personal." Was the only thing Astrid could come up with. "So will you shave it off?"

"No." Hiccup responded again. "I like it and I want to keep it."

"Fine." Astrid said. "Don't expect me to kiss you any time soon."

"Aw come on Astrid, that's not fair!" Hiccup squeaked. Astrid glared at him before marching away. "For the love of-"

"Hiccup get back to work!"

"Gods." Hiccup finished. He finally resumed his sweaty work, watching the fiery Viking stomp away.

Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Snotlout and even Fishlegs found this whole situation amusing. They watched as the couple interacts with menacing glares and audible huffs.

It was a good laugh among the group.

"All this over a beard?" Fishlegs pointed out. "Look at them. They're not even talking."

"Hiccup's going to cave first." Tuffnut said.

"Nuh-huh Dragonbreath, Astrid's gonna cave." Ruffnut stated, folding her arms across her chest with a smug look.

"Wanna bet Dragonbutt?"

"Sure thing, brainless!"

"If I win, you have to clean up after Gassy and Sparky for two weeks."

"The same with you."

Needless to say, Snotlout and Fishlegs were wrapped up in the gamble game. Their dragons, there behind, confused of the weirdness of their humans.

It didn't take long for the bet to reach to Gobber the Belch and Hiccup's father, Chief Stoick the Vast. Stoick threw his lot in for Astrid caving in, he had this kind of fatherly notion that his son was just like him, stubborn and unchangeable. Gobber voted the latter, saying that Hiccup was head over heels for her and he'd do anything to just get one measly kiss even if it meant giving up his precious new feature.

Hiccup eventually heard of the bet and so did Astrid. It only made matters worse to them. Hiccup was still stubborn and Astrid was still determined not to fall for his charm. She did spend some time with him though when she cooled down, she still refused to kiss him but she spent some quality time with him. She flew her dragon alongside or rode on Toothless, arms wrapped around his waist. She figured that she could win if she seduced him so.

Hiccup was still determined not to cave, no matter how warm he felt with those two arms around his slender waist. His beard was coming along nicely. He prayed that Astrid would eventually give up. But they were both Vikings, they both had the same stubbornness issues.

It was one of those days. Hiccup landed Toothless in a peaceful cove, isolated from the village. Hiccup detached his prosthetic from the stirrup and jumped down, Astrid following.

"Toothless looked like he needed something to eat." Was Hiccup's excuse. Hopefully this would get him to win, he could romance her somehow and have the guts again to kiss her. Astrid didn't respond, she just sat down on a boulder and started flinging rocks into the pond, narrowly avoiding Toothless when the stone got too close. At one point, poor Toothless turned his head and bared his teeth at Astrid as a warning. Astrid stopped before she'd almost clunk the Night Fury's head again.

Hiccup sat onto the ground, sprawling his legs, well one leg and a half. He marveled at the calm wind, clear blue skies.

"It's beautiful out today." Hiccup commented. "Almost as beautiful as you."

Astrid began to blush but she knew this game.

"I'm still not going to kiss you."

Hiccup huffed in frustration. He scratched the thickening hairs on his chin.

"So how's Bluescales?" Hiccup asked. Turns out, Astrid was just as good at picking names for her dragon like Hiccup.

"She's good." Astrid commented. "Still spoiled rotten but good."

"Then don't spoil her." Hiccup said. Astrid glared at him.

There was an awkward silence thereafter. Astrid stared intently at the rippling water as the Night Fury dunked his head into the water hole, a couple of times with a flapping fish in his mouth.

Astrid watched as the dragon tossed the fish in the air and swallowed it whole, gulping it down and ready to get another. Hiccup managed to get far enough as to sit next to her, seconds later he snuck an arm around her shoulders, Astrid leaned into it, teasing him. Hiccup convinced himself that he timed it right as he tried to swoop in and-

"Ow! Astrid!"

He reclined against the boulder, cradling his now-numb arm.

"That's for trying to kiss me." Astrid said. She paused for a moment, seeing a bit of hope in his forestry green eyes. She stood up and faced the boy, glaring at him with cold eyes. "Not gonna happen."

"Oh c'mon Astrid, it's been a week!" Hiccup whined. "Why won't you let me kiss you?"

"Shave it off." Astrid bargained, folding her arms across her chest.

"Isn't this my choice?"

"Yes it is. Either you shave it or I won't allow you to kiss me again." Astrid said. "There's your choices."

"This is so unfair."

"Want me to hit you again, Haddock?" Astrid threatened, raising a fist.

"Can we just make a compromise?"

He sure didn't want to give up that beard. Astrid slowly relaxed as she found Hiccup's pout very irresistible. He looked like a lost Terrible Terror, wide eyes, lip slightly sticking out. Astrid shook her head.

'Don't fall for it.' Astrid prodded herself. 'Oh Gods not the stare.'

He sure was good in the teasing department. Astrid tried to peel her eyes away from the adorable sight. She had such an urge to jump him and kiss him senseless. But she had to win, Astrid Hofferson always got her way.

But the compromise idea didn't sound all that bad?

Toothless was getting a kick out of the whole scene. Sitting there, on his hind legs, wondering what these humans were up to.

Astrid finally surrendered herself to listen to Hiccup's 'compromise.'

All was well again.

Hiccup and Astrid did reach an agreement, Hiccup would be allowed to keep a section of his beard in the shape of a goat-tee that made its way up to his lower lip. It wouldn't bug Astrid very much while they kissed and besides, she kind of found it, attractive.

Once Hiccup 'shaved', Astrid just pounced on him and they ended up kissing each other passionately and hungrily. You get the general idea. As they both pulled away, foreheads pressed together, Astrid kept her hands on his chest.

"You know," Astrid began to mention in a seductive tone. "I kind of find it attractive when you stand up for yourself."

Hiccup chuckled.

"I guess I have to do it more often."

"Don't push it, Haddock." Astrid warned. "I still have my axe."

"Wouldn't dream of it." Hiccup said as he swooped in and pressed his lips to hers.

From not that far away, a group of Vikings stared at the two silhouettes currently involved withâ€|wellâ€|it was nothing more than kissing I can tell you that much.

"Oh that's gross!" Tuffnut stated.

"Look at Hiccup go!"

"It was nice while it lasted."

"Dear Gods, now work won't ever get done!"

Fishlegs calmly opened his mouth.

"So who won the bet?"

The End.

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